

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 14 1932



DEMOCRATIC TICKET

- For President Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York
- For Vice President John Nance Garner of Texas
- For Governor H. G. Kump
- For Congress Joe L. Smith
- For Secretary of State Wm. S. O'Brien
- For State Supt. Schools W. W. Trent
- For Auditor Edgar B. Simms
- For Treasurer R. E. Talbot
- For Attorney General Homer A. Hoyt
- For Comr. of Agriculture J. B. McLaughlin
- For State Senator A. G. Mathews
- For Sheriff B. B. Beard
- For Prosecuting Attorney A. P. Edgar
- For Assessor R. N. Nottingham
- For County Clerk S. L. Brown
- For Circuit Clerk Kerth Nottingham
- For House of Delegates F. R. Hill
- For County Commissioner Charles A. Sharp

"Old Back Creek is deep and Old Back Creek is wide, None can cross but the sanctified; Be careful, brother, when you walk across, That your foot don't slip and soul be lost."

That is a stanza of a song improvised by a good old lady, who knew her Back Creek. It was inspired under the strain of emotion at a revival meeting years ago. The other verses are gone from me. I am a true Back Creeker now since the Fourth of July having been tested by the sentiment of their lines. If you now can bring yourself to read the following details, you will know why.

Saturday afternoon some of the family took me down Bollars Draft and dropped me at Hickory Lodge, while they went on to visit relatives back in old Rockbridge. I thoroughly enjoyed myself as a guest at the Lodge, the country seat of the Honorable T. M. Gathright, of Covington, until late Monday afternoon when the folks came by and bundled me up for home again. The Fourth had been a little showery, but not enough rain to keep people indoors, discolored the river or silted up the road. When I left, the clear waters of Jacksons River had many fishermen out trying their luck. The Lodge is some fifteen miles south of Mountain Grove; the Draft Run that comes into Back Creek at the break through the mountain was low and clear. As we backed the corner to come up water up to its ears, and the engine died without a croak or rattle. It had backed up in the road; and times were only tolerable.

I had on my Sunday clothes and hen skin shoes, but I went into the water like I liked it. Two fence rails improvised a bridge from car to bank. The children's grandma was in the party. She was reared in a slave owning home under the fine traditions of the Victorian era. They say such ladies have not the resources of their children and grandchildren who had come up in more rugged environment. Don't believe a word of it. Those clinging vines of a sheltered age rise to the occasion. I will always admire the grace, dignity and composure with which grandma went over the side and across on those wobbly rails, guided by the hand of her athletic, college bred granddaughter and namesake who stood waist deep in the chilly flood. This young lady had been awarded her letters for proficiency in tennis, hockey, soccer football, swimming and the like. Of course such a little incident would not faze such a modern maiden, but her grandma stood up to the experience like a man.

Mountain people sure still look after their own. When they found out who I was and the trouble I was in, they could not do enough. The Landes family brought horses and pulled the car out of the deep; Holmes McLaughlin put his car behind ours and pushed us to Mt. Grove the Warwick and McCarty's tinkered and dried out the works; the Currys turned over their garage; the O'Ferrals lodged us; the Hillers gave the use of their truck to pull the car around until it would throw the water off its stomach; Holmes McLaughlin took the elderly members of the party home—anything and everything anybody could do for help and comfort was most willingly and cheerfully done. The experience was worth while to find out that the hospitality of old Virginia is an intact reality and not a figment of the imaginations

of writers of romance of the old time. Also that the fountains of the milk of human kindness still flow when the occasion requires. It all was a great lesson to me to go my little in extending help to people in distress, and not let foot, brake nor clutch slip when dealing with old Back Creek. They told me at Mt. Grove I had poured the rain for twelve steady hours; the creeks were as high as the big flood of February; that Jacksons River on the other side of the mountain was out of its banks and over the meadows. I thought about my friends fishing in the river fifteen miles down stream and tried to phone a warning to them to look a little out for what was coming.

Back home, I found out that Dr. F. T. McClintic and Judge George McClintic had each been initiated into the onery order of Back Creekers by inundation in that back water hole at the lower end of the Landes fields. The Doctor hit into it one winter day when he was on his way to Florida. He also rescued his folks by a fence rail bridge from automobile door to the bank.

The Back Creekers is one order that I do not care to see increase if it can only grow by such risky duckings, and I am asking the Board of Supervisors of Bath county to build around or crib or in some way fill that hole. To tell you the truth, trial by water is pretty strong medicine, and a bit risky. Not every one is sanctified, and according to the song of the old lady, who knew her Back Creek; only those who be can get across.

Hickory Lodge is the country seat of the Honorable Thomas M. Gathright, of Covington. He is known to his friends as Judge Gathright, having had the distinction of sitting for twelve years as the presiding justice of the board of supervisors of Allegheny county. Born in east Virginia, he early came to West Virginia, where his fortune in a lovely lady in Fairmont, became identified with Camden interests in their coal and railroad departments, and then went into business on his own account at Covington. He has diversified interests, but I believe his heart is in his great game preserve of 35,000 acres in the basin of the Jacksons River. For twenty-five years and more he has been buying land and he has now just about the finest layout in the way of a game preserve I have ever seen; bottom land and mountain ranges; a big river, and trout brooks; abandoned farms, cut over lands and primitive forest; automobile roads and mountain trails.

A great utility company now has a right to some of this land for a great storage dam for power purposes. When built this dam will impound the waters of Jacksons River for miles and make a lake in the mountains with a shore line of over one hundred miles.

Hickory Lodge is the Moses McClintic mansion house. Judge George W. McClintic was born there. Moses McClintic was his grandfather. For many years the plantation was owned by the late Harper McLaughlin. The house stands on a high terrace overlooking the river, yet when the prospect lake is filled, they tell me the water will be sixty feet over the high chimneys. That will be a beautiful lake all right, and it is right that should be made to create electrical energy so necessary for home and business. However, it gives me pause to think about the rich lands, the comfortable mansion house and winding streams of that pleasant country side all drowned out. But I say again, that lake will be a thing of beauty and immensely useful too.

Great fields of grain are grown on farms of the preserve. Some is left for food for game. Some is harvested and stored for the game during the starving time when snow covers their pickings. The native game birds and animals are protected and fostered. There has been a systematic planting of fish and birds. A continuous year through warfare is carried on against predatory birds and animals. Guinea fowl and ring necked pheasants are turned loose on the abandoned farm land. These furnish good shooting, and the hawks, wild cats and foxes eat them instead of the native ruffed grouse and quail. There is a rule against shooting rabbits. These are favorite prey of foxes, and if they can get rabbits they go easier on the grouse. The preserve is saw stocked with turkeys and deer. I saw deer tracks near the mansion house, and three turkey hens in an old field. When I came out I saw a wild turkey hen and nearly a dozen young birds beside the road near the old school house in Bollars Draft. Bob Whites whistled all around the lodge, sitting on the fences. It is all a grand piece of conservation, and means more than you can well imagine in insuring a continuous supply of game to a wide area in the three counties of Allegheny, Bath and Pocahontas. It is considerable of a load for one man to carry for the good of the cause, but the Judge's back is broad and he carries on in the true spirit that he has for the out of doors.

The occasion of this invite to the hospitable fold of Judge Gathright's Hickory Lodge was a joint meeting of the Game and Fish Commissions of the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

The West Virginians were our Commissioners, Merritt Wilson, Sr., Edward Cooper and Andrew Northcott; Mr. Griffin a state forester from Bramwell; Merritt Wilson, Jr., of Elkins, and yours truly. Our reception and entertainment was just another instance where the heights and depths of old Virginia hospitality were scaled and plumbed. Will I attempt to gild the lily by saying more? I will not.

The Virginia Commission did not arrive until Monday afternoon. Major Willis Robertson, the head of the Commission, was a delegate to the democratic convention at Chicago, which did not adjourn until Saturday. A prolonged meeting of the Commission was held at Covington Monday morning to arrange game seasons for the several territorial divisions of the State. Also to give hearing to a delegation from the Eastern Shore. The joint meeting of the two commis-

sions was held Monday night. I could not stay to look on; I had to sit Tuesday in a meeting of my own board of education at its first session of the fiscal year.

The member of the Virginia Commission that I hold in particular admiration is their chief, Major Willis Robertson, of Lexington. He is the type of able men who are gradually bringing this conservation business in America down from the thin airy heights of the impractical idealists who deny the scripture by putting the worth of a sparrow above other people, and up from the sordid depths of the spoil system where the too practical politicians would drag it. Like many another good man, the Major is the son of a minister, the Doctor Robertson, who was once pastor of the Baptist church in Fairmont. Did you ever stop to think how much greater the progress and development of that part of the new world is where the ministers have sons? Proper modesty holds me back from giving here the attention ministers a writer really who really do them justice.

I did sit in on some of the conferences of our own commission. The chairman is Edward Cooper, of Bramwell; he is in charge of the department of game. He is a big game hunter, maintaining a lodge in the moose woods of Canada. He is also an experienced breeder of game birds. He is a big coal operator, and as a side line he farms extensively. He has stocked his bluegrass pastures with cattle from Pocahontas county and found them good.

Andrew Northcott is the commissioner who is the wet nurse of the fishes. He is a son of Judge Elliott Northcott. He is a farmer, and his big plantation is Ohio River bottom land between Point Pleasant and Huntington. He is a strong advocate of the ring neck pheasant as a game bird. In this he runs counter to Mr. Cooper who is for the native grouse and quail, first, last and always. Ring necks have always been known to eat young quail, and Mr. Cooper will not stand for such practice. Mr. Northcott is enthusiastic in his work; he has an open mind, and judicial temperament. He lays no claim to all knowledge of the science of conservation and propagation; he is willing to learn, and has no false pride about asking questions.

The new member is Merritt Wilson, of Elkins. He is a man of many years, known over the east as a captain of the lumber industry. He did not seek the position of commissioner. When it came to him, a high sense of duty to the public and to his state prompted him to accept. He is applying his keen business sense and foresight with good effect: His experience in big affairs is an invaluable asset to the commission. He knows and loves the woods. His sound position is that without trees there can be neither game nor fish enough to be interesting in these mountains. Naturally Mr. Wilson was made custodian of the forests. And it was no new work for him. He was one of the organizers of the fire association of the big land owners of this part of the state, and a main factor in carrying out the good work of fire prevention and control to this day.

All three of the commissioners do more or less farming, and I was interested to see how quickly they got on to farm talk when the business on hand was disposed of. Messrs. Wilson and Cooper talked beef cattle; and Judge Gathright and Mr. Northcott argued dairy breeds. And arguing is right, for the Judge is a Guernsey man with some of the finest blood lines of this noted milk stock. Commissioner Northcott breeds the Jersey. Of course they could not agree. I am a farmer, too, but that was one time I did not butt in and throw the ball.

At the meeting of the commission the matter of the state trout nursery at the state owned spring on Stony Creek, near Marlinton, was discussed. Work will be commenced immediately. The question of the proper name came up. Mr. Wilson has interested himself greatly in the project, and the other two members were insistent that in token of his efforts in his behalf and as a compliment to him as a man and commissioner, the fine new nursery be called "Wilson." Mr. Wilson expressed his pleasure for the gracious intentions prompting the compliment, but a proper modesty forbade him allowing it so to be.

Now there is where I came in. They asked me for a suggestion. The request was unexpected, but for once I was not taken off my feet and for once the old head worked. I suggested the name "Averill State Trout Nursery." It was accepted, and that is now the name.

The reasons therefore might make readable copy. First it is nice sounding and then there is considerable local history reasons therefor too. The war between the states two military men of genius—Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate States Army and General William Averill, of the United States Army. The task of holding the mountains of Virginia was given into the hands of General Averill, and he did a most complete job of it too. He brought his army through this Greenbrier Valley time and again. He fought and won the battle of Droop Mountain, the biggest engagement on West Virginia soil, and thereby expelled the Confederate forces from these mountains. He looked with disfavor upon bushwhacking, house burning and horse stealing. Southern sympathizers respected him and were grateful for his moderate, gentlemanly treatment received at his hands. He had warm friends among prominent Confederate families. Why not perpetuate a name of honor and good man in a united country? I, the son of a Confederate soldier, say we do. Of course, a fish nursery is about as peaceful as an olive branch, and as far removed from war strife as the east is from the west, but that makes no difference with us sentimental folks. Our possible license will cover a wide gap.

My duplicity might have come to the surface here just a bit too. I knew Mr. Wilson would fall for the name of Averill for the plant. I accidentally knew that his father, though a resident of Maryland, had fought four long years in the Third West Virginia, rising from private to captain's commission. He saw much service under the leadership of General Averill, and was wounded in the Salem Raid. While the name of his father's commander is revered and loved by Mr. Wilson, he would have been the last man to propose it. However, I feel sure he is pleased that the new state trout hatchery be so much interested in will bear the honored name of Averill.

Thirteen Pocahontas 4-H club girls returned from Jacksons Mill last Friday after spending ten days there attending the State Girls 4-H Camp. All reported an excellent and worthwhile camp. The girls attending were Ida Rexrode, Mary Virginia Cunningham, Frances Hunter, Lola McMillion, Bernice Adkison, Ann Richardson, Marra Beverage, Beatrice Howard, Ruth Wallace, Virginia Callison, Grace Barnes and Mabel Duncan. The girls all did splendid work at the camp and the state leaders congratulated our county for having such a fine group of girls.

C. P. Dorsey, County Agent.

Report of the Condition of the BANK OF MARLINTON Located at Marlinton in the State of West Virginia at the close of business June 30, 1932.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and Discounts	619 975 23
Overdrafts	219 39
Bonds (other than Government Issues)	59 818 75
Stocks	616 82
Banking House	32 974 64
Furniture and Fixtures	3 961 90
Other Real Estate Owned	11 043 98
Due from Reserve Banks	52 853 47
Checks on Local Banks	378 41
Lawful money reserve in Bank	10 943 54
Checks and other Cash Items	99 13
Resources other than above stated	1 365 00
TOTAL	\$793 350 26
LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital Stock paid in	100 000 00
Surplus Fund	30 000 00
Undivided Profit	3 893 72
Demand Deposits	226 975 39
Time Deposits	352 981 15
Bills Payable	49 500 00
TOTAL	\$793 350 26

State of West Virginia County of Pocahontas I, Hubert Echols, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HUBERT ECHOLS, Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of June, 1932.
A. H. McFerrin, Notary Public
My Commission expires Nov. 29, 1939
J. W. Price M. D.
F. R. Hunter
E. C. Smith
Directors

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Yours Respectfully,
L. D. SHARP.

NOTICE

To the creditors and beneficiaries of the estate of Robert A. Kramer: All persons having claims against the estate of the said Robert A. Kramer, deceased, whether due or not, are notified to exhibit the same, with the voucher thereof, legally verified, to the undersigned, at his office in the Town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on or before the 22nd day of December, 1932; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

All beneficiaries of said estate are notified to be present on said day to protect their interests.

Given under my hand this 21st of June, 1932.

P. T. WARD, Commissioner of Accounts, County of Pocahontas, West Virginia.

Notice of Trustee's Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Trustee, acting under the authority of two deeds of trust, one executed by W. H. Shearer to the undersigned, bearing date April 11th, 1929, and recorded in the office of the clerk of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in trust deed book 16 at page 204, and the other executed by W. H. Shearer and Sallie E. Shearer to the undersigned, bearing date November 2nd, 1931, and recorded in the office of the clerk of the county court of said county in trust deed book 16 at page 318, both made to secure the payment of certain notes held by the Bank of Marlinton and the First National Bank of Marlinton, will on the 30th day of July, 1932, beginning at nine o'clock a. m., offer for sale the following personal property, to-wit:

First: About fifty head of ewes having lambs by side, which will be sold at the front door of the Barlow & Moore Store at Edray, in said county.

Second: 5 yearling heifers, 2 cows, 3 horses, named Nell, Bob and Bet, 3 wagons, 1 spreader, 1 mowing machine, 2 sets harness, 2 hay rakes, 2 cultivators, 2 single plows, 1 double shovel plow, one-half interest in grain drill, and 4 plows. The property listed in this paragraph will be sold at the late residence of the said W. H. Shearer near Edray.

Terms of Sale—Cash on day of sale. Given under my hand this 5th day of July, 1932.

A. P. EDGAR, Trustee

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FOR SALE

White Oak Timber for Sale. 340 acres and 237 acres. These tracts are near Burnesville, Va. 50 acres on Bull Pasture Mountain. 80 acre tract, northwest of McDowell. G. W. McKelfresh, Monterey, Va.

Farm For Sale

5 miles north of Marlinton, close to church and school, well watered. Any one wanting a good home should look this over. If interested apply at Times Office.

A. P. EDGAR ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Marlinton, W. Va.

FRANK R. HILL ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Marlinton, W. Va.

P. T. WARD ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Marlinton, W. Va.

J. E. BUCKLEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Marlinton, W. Va.

ADOLPH COOPER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Marlinton, W. Va.

A. C. BARLOW Veterinarian and Dentist R. F. D. 1, Marlinton, W. Va.

M. C. SMITH Veterinarian Hillsboro, W. Va.

All calls by mail or phone given prompt attention.

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DR. CHAS. S. KRAMER DENTIST X-ray work done Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 6 or by appointment. First National Bank Building MARLINTON, W. VA.

DR. H. C. SOLTER Rooms 3 & 4 Office Hours from 2 to 5 Other times by appointment Marlinton, West Va

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English Shepherd Pups Five nice heel drivers; five months old, ready for training; black and white; \$5. each. Apply at once to A. S. Gay, Marlinton, W. Va. R. F. D.

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Bulls For Sale Two yearling registered Shorthorn bulls, milking strain, nice specimens. roams. If interested apply to E. H. Williams, Marlinton, W. Va.

For Sale 3 Jersey cows and calves, 1 stock cow and calf, 4 two yearlings, 5 yearlings, at the McClintic farm, 1 three year old colt broke to ride at Lee Overholts. MRS. W. McCLINTIC.

NOTICE My wife, Ruth M. Poage, having left my home without cause, this is to notify all persons that I will not stand responsible for any debts she may contract. This 27th day of June, 1932. Fred B. Poage. Spice, W. Va.

INDIGESTION

"My work is confining, and often I eat hurriedly, causing me to have indigestion. Gas will form and I will smother and have pains in my chest. I had to be careful what I ate, but after someone had recommended Black-Draught and I found a small pinch after meals was so helpful, I soon was eating anything I wanted. Now when I feel the least smothering or uncomfortable bloating, I take a pinch of Black-Draught and get relief."

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